

GV
822
.B5
C6
1933

Library of

PEABODY MUSEUM *of* SALEM



Gift of

Francis L. Higginson

3187910 Scarce

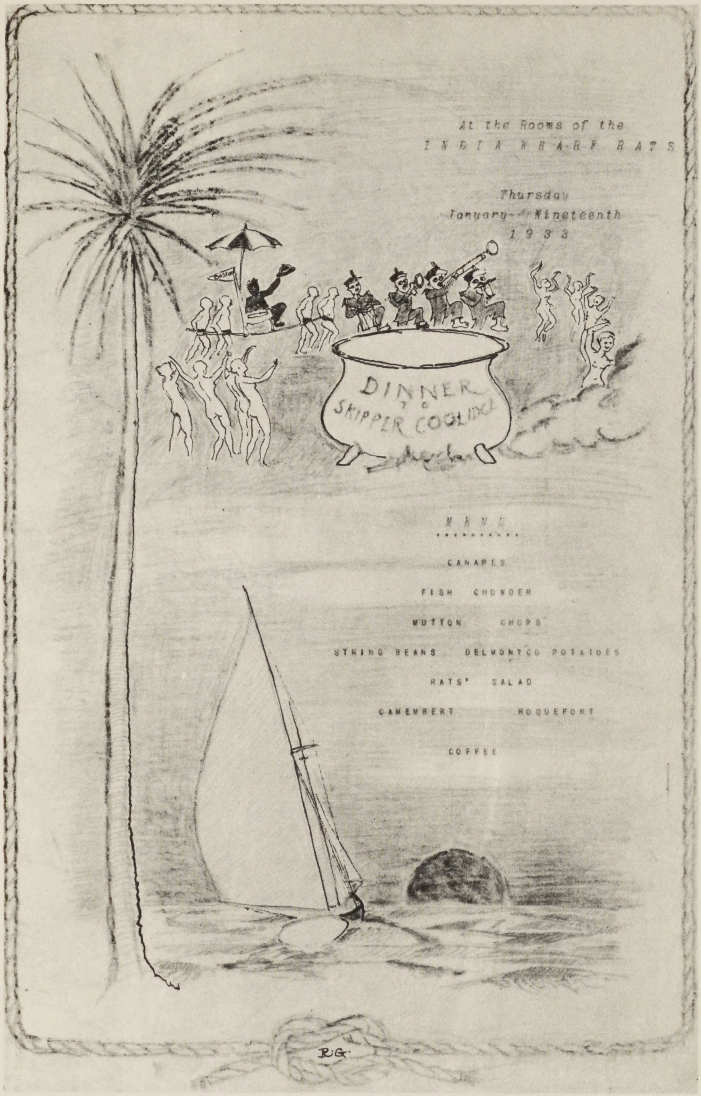
To

Henry H. Meyer
with the compliments of
Amory Coolidge




A VISIT to
the COCOS and
GALAPAGOS ISLANDS
on board the
"BLUE DOLPHIN"
1933

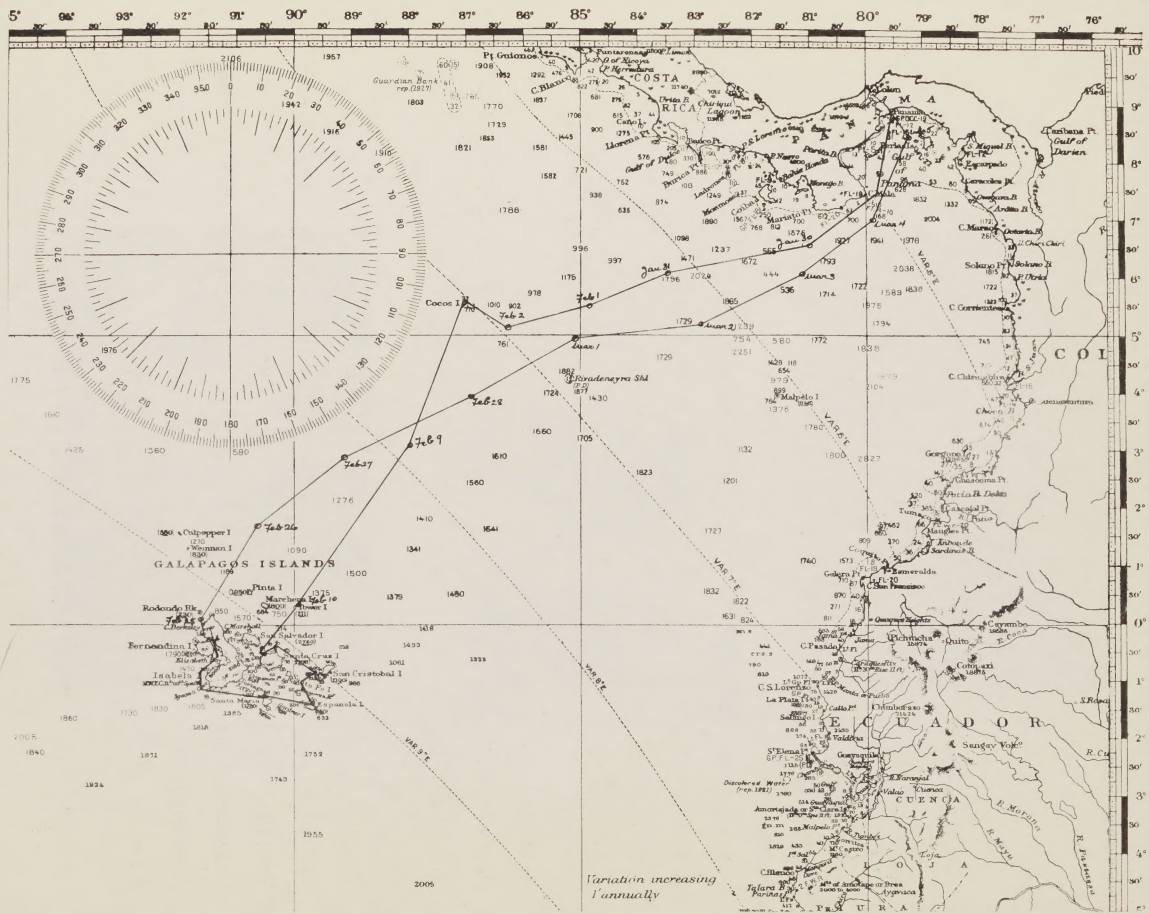
GV
822
.B5
C6
1933


At the Rooms of the
INDIA WHARF RATS
Thursday
January Nineteenth
1933
DINNER
TO
SKIPPER COOLIDGE
MENU
CANAPES
FISH CHOWDER
MUTTON CHOPS
STRING BEANS DELMONICO POTATOES
RATS' SALAD
CAMEMBERT ROQUEFORT
COFFEE
RG

I T I N E R A R Y

1 9 3 3

January 27	Cocosolo
January 28	Panama
January 29 - February 3	At Sea
February 4 - 7	Cocos Island
February 8 - 9	At Sea
February 10	Tower Island
February 11	At Sea
February 12	Conway Bay, Indefatigable and South Seymour Islands.
February 13	At Sea
February 14	Wreck Bay, Chatham Island
February 15	At Sea
February 16	Gardner Bay, Hood Island
February 17	At Sea
February 18	Post Office Bay, Charles Island
February 19	At Sea
February 20-24	Tagus Cove, Albemarle Island
February 25 - March 5	At Sea
March 6	Panama


COSTA RICA
COLOMBIA
ECUADOR
PERU
GALAPAGOS ISLANDS
Pt Gnomon
Cocos I
Malpelo I
Gorgona I
Gallego Pt
Esmeraldas
Pinta I
Marchena I
Rodondo Ilt
Fernandina I
Culpepper I
Wenman I
Isabela
Salvador I
Santa Cruz I
San Cristobal I
Española I
Chatham Pt
Quito
Cotopaxi
Chimborazo
Sangay Vole
Cuenca
Loja
Tumbes
Variation increasing
1°annually



F. S. Whitlock



Myself



Dr. Robert Millen

For the past fifty years privately owned pleasure craft have plied their way to the West Indies and back, have cruised in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, visiting the shores of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, and have made an occasional visit to Bermuda. Those who have sought for longer trips have crossed the Atlantic, and a few have circled the globe.

When the Panama Canal was finished in 1914, a new field was opened but - curiously - few people took advantage of this opportunity. Cocos and the Galápagos Islands, lying five hundred and one thousand miles respectively from Panama, were practically unknown to the average person; they were never even considered as objectives for a visit, the West Indies continuing to have the yachtman's eye. The West Indies seem to be nearer home, not only in the matter of miles, but from a sense of kindred custom. They offer the pleasures of familiar civilization and a background of fascinating history in addition to their lovely scenery. The constant trade winds make for perfect sailing. I went to the West Indies two years ago, and can testify to their allure.

Across the Isthmus to the westward we have another picture: there lie islands remote in feeling and in understanding, islands seldom visited until late years, which, nevertheless, possess an astounding history - much of it as yet untold. Despite the paucity of facts concerning them, they are full of adventure and romance. Although we may record the visit of Charles Darwin, there are no figures like Nelson, Hamilton or Josephine to build their island history; there is no Columbus to lay the foundation of their civilization, yet to a person interested in plant life, animal life, or sea life, they present a unique opportunity for study. Anyone who loves the sea, who has followed the old whalers, pirates, and buccaneers in the Pacific and has heard of the many buried treasures will find here an undying glamor; sportsmen who like fishing, magnificent scenery, strange and rare animals, fish and birds will find here an inexhaustible supply of wonders. Beyond this is - mystery. There are no cables, no radios, no telephones. One moves about in a world of his own during a visit to these Islands.



Through the Canal



Panama Canal Lock

I had long planned a fishing trip to Cocos Island, the Mecca of the world's largest sailfish, and whose surrounding waters are reported to swarm with every conceivable variety of other giant game fish. This island is painted as "the fisherman's paradise" and my original intention was to fish for a couple of weeks and then return to Panama. However, as plans progressed, the Galápagos seemed closer and closer, so finally a seven weeks' trip was decided upon, which included the Galápagos Islands with a consequent shortening of the fishing at Cocos. In the end, this turned out fortunately, as the fishing was not up to expectation. This was more than compensated for by the interesting natural features of the islands which far surpassed all our anticipations.

We left New York January 21, 1933, on the Panama-Pacific Line - F. S. Whitlock, Robert Millen, and myself - and arrived in Colon in the early morning of the 27th. There we climbed aboard the "Blue Dolphin" with all our luggage and shoved off to Cocosolo for refueling, there to make all last-minute preparations, which always seem so endless. Early the next morning, we started through the Canal, with an extremely patient pilot; he answered all questions with which we besieged him, and a better man for his job would be hard to find.

Entering the Canal is itself an adventure. The enormous gates and chains work in perfect unison. No noise is to be heard either from the machinery or its operators and there is no shouting, rattling of chains or throbbing of pumps. As the vessel slowly enters the lock, heaving lines are tossed on board, and soon all four lines are made fast to the dock. In the meantime, the gates behind have been closed. Presently the water is a mass of swirls induced by the rapid rise which, at times, causes a severe strain on the lines if a strong current hits on one side. It pays, in a small boat, to have four strong lines, because if one should break the vessel would hit the cement wall a nasty crack. We passed through with a coastwise steamer, which was handled in the orthodox manner, having four steel cables passed to her,

each one being fast to an electric mule or engine running on tracks two on each side of the lock. She enters the lock under her own power, proceeding at five knots. Soon she finds the mules on the banks running at the same speed and shortly the cables are fast. There is nothing more to be done. The cables with a fifty thousand pound strain have her well in hand; as they slow down, she slows down; no engine is used. If she is a little on one side of the lock, one cable is slowly let out, and the opposite one taken in. When she reaches the end of the slip, the mules slow down and stop, leaving the vessel firmly held in the center position, where she stays immobile. As the water rises, the lines are continually being taken in, always under strain. Soon the forward gate opens and the mules start ahead, drawing her into the next lock, and so on until she is through. The Gatun Dam consists of three locks in tandem. On the Pacific side there are also three but only two in tandem, and then a single lock some distance beyond.

The operation is all controlled from a tower in a central position. In this tower is a long table covered with switches that resemble door knobs, while along the center stands a perfect miniature of the locks. Each chain is represented, each gate, as well as the height of the water in the lock. Red and green lights indicate the operation of each valve and motor. By looking on this table, where the gates can be seen opening and the water rising, a perfect picture of the entire system in operation lies revealed. In the Tower are also lighting switches, besides, of course, telephone connections to all the different stations. It is an impressive, beautifully operated unit. The heavy motors and machinery are all under ground, built into cement, as are the main culverts with the many smaller tunnels through which the water passes. From each of the three main culverts which run parallel, one between the two sets of locks and one on each side, the smaller culverts branch off, and from them the water is carried in tunnels five feet in diameter to openings in the bottom of the locks. Each lock has one hundred and ten openings through which the water pours when the level is being raised or lowered in a single lock.

There is a power plant at the Gatun Spillway, which generates power for the Canal from the overflow water.

There has been much speculation as to the safety of this Canal in case of war; I hope the problem is never solved. How much damage could be done by bombs, or by blowing up a boat in the lock itself, is questionable; but one thing is certain -- if ever the Gatun Dam were blown up, water would pour into the ocean in torrents that no mere man-power could stop. I am told that it would take three years for the normal flow of the Chagres River to flood this tremendous area again, which consists of hundreds of square miles, before another ship could pass.

We spent one evening in Panama with Lieut. Burgess and his wife, who came down from New York on our steamer. Their hospitality was abundant, and our enjoyment of it was both wide and deep. As we were leaving the club to come back to the ship, Freddie tapped me from behind to notify me that some one wanted to speak to me. Thinking it was one of the friends to whom we had been talking, I turned around with the greeting "Hello, Sailor". To my dismay, it was Admiral Erwin - in charge of naval activities in the Canal Zone - to whom Secretary Adams had written of my intended visit. The Admiral forgave me, I believe. That did not prevent a little light music wafting through the ship the first thing next morning along these lines - and sung by F. S. W.:

"Our Coocoo won the Derby,
But barely missed the jailor,
When he greeted Admiral Erwin,
Rather quaintly, "Hello, Sailor."

That was Sunday morning, January 29, 1933 when we pulled up our anchor and started down the Bay of Panama for Cocos Island.

During the winter months the winds are very light in the latitudes we intended to cover, so it was important that, with our limited fuel capacity, we conserve all the oil possible and use sail in light weather. This was somewhat discouraging as, of course, we wanted to cover as much of the area as possible, yet we had to keep enough oil to insure our getting



back within the allotted time.

The passage to Cocos was uneventful, but lovely sailing with light winds and a hot sun gave us a great chance to get acclimated to the life at sea, brush up on navigation, and adjust our city complexions to the tropics. Three of the men clipped their hair entirely off, while the Doc was given a surprisingly good haircut by Frank. We saw a thrasher shark, a goodsized school of whales, and one steamer as we rounded Cape Mala. Nothing else came into view with the exception of, occasionally, a petrel or booby, until we sighted Cocos.

Thursday morning we had our first drop of rain and the sky was overcast most of the day. At two-thirty Freddie sighted Cocos - to everyone's delight. We had expected to get in that night but due to head winds, we were unable to make it. In the evening we had a strong breeze shifting at times, accompanied by heavy showers with thunder and lightning to the southward. We jogged slowly along as we approached the island; at length when F. S. W. and I came on watch at four A. M., Cocos looked right aboard through the haze. In reality, it was several miles away. At sunrise, we tacked slowly in toward Chatham Bay escorted by hundreds of porpoises on all sides, breaking water in every direction and at times jumping clear five to ten feet in the air. These were supplemented by countless frigate birds and boobies circling round us. One of the frigate birds became enchanted with our night pennant and kept pecking at it until he discovered it wasn't good to eat. Neither the frigate bird nor the boobies are handsome close to, but they are beautiful in the air, soaring high above the ocean surface, and the boobies as they dive straight down with folded wings from a height of fifty to a hundred feet in the air are fascinating - one can watch them for hours at a time. They must dive to a considerable depth, as it is often an appreciable time before they appear on the surface again and shake themselves - only to fly off and try their trick on some other small fish if they are lucky enough to find one in a vulnerable position.

Cocos Island, 300 miles from the mainland and 500 miles from the city of Balboa at the entrance of the Panama Canal, was discovered in the



Cocos Island



"Blue Dolphin" in Chatham Bay

early part of the Sixteenth Century and possibly before, but was not charted until 1641. Navigation not being the exact science that it is today, the reported position varied considerably. Malpelo and Galápagos were reported and charted years before, but Cocos, being out of the beaten path of shipping (such as it was then) concealed its identity several years longer than the other islands, although only a few hundred miles away.

From the time of its discovery to recent date, Cocos has never been inhabited except by treasure hunters, and by these, with one exception, only for short periods. Herr Giessler, a German hermit, has the unsurpassed record of staying on the island for many years with occasionally a visit to the mainland in search of further information on the location of the treasure. Herr Giessler claims to have been over every foot of the island, but, as the going is rather difficult, this statement must be taken with a grain of salt. I doubt if the island has ever been thoroughly covered by anyone. There have been dozens and dozens of treasure seekers, some of them consisting of well-organized expeditions, representing stock companies and others just a handful of men running down a clue they had picked up somewhere. A British naval ship made a thorough search some years ago, as did an American gunboat. The searchers have come here from every quarter of the globe, every type of person having taken a try at discovering this elusive fortune. There are many legends of vast treasures being buried but the most authentic is the one from Lima, Peru; in this legend the treasure is said to contain eighty million of gold bullion, precious stones, and the famed golden images of the church.

Other visitors have included whalers and shipwrecked mariners. Undesirable hands have been left by whalers to look out for themselves; others have deserted to escape the horrors of cruelty and abuse aboard unhappy ships. Several boats (the remains of some marine tragedy) have found their way to Cocos, and there remained until some passing ship stopped to take on water or lay up for a few days' rest. The history of this little island contains a cryptical mystery which holds many an untold secret. It is credited with many a legend that one cannot help turning over in his mind as he



A Treasure Seeker's Excavation



Shacks of Treasure Seekers at Wafer Bay

views this monster rock rising abruptly out of the sea thousands of feet in the air, with its atmosphere of desolation and profound silence.

In 1821, when Bolivar, the Liberator, was at the height of his power, harassing the Spanish Settlements, he drew close to Lima, Peru, the richest of all the cities on the coast - a storehouse for gold and precious stones. The Governor, fully realizing that he could not defend his city against the advancing forces, decided to save what he could by loading a British merchant ship, which was lying in the harbor, with all the gold, precious stones, and other articles of value that would otherwise be looted. The vast treasures were collected from private individuals, banks, and even churches. After it had all been packed in boxes, it was loaded on the good ship "Mary Dier" in command of Captain Thompson. From this point on the story varies. One story is that the Peruvian guards were killed and the ship put to sea; another relates that the Governor, Archbishop, and so-called royalty, including women and children, put to sea, but that the Captain and his crew slaughtered them all the first night out. At any rate, Captain Thompson is said to have sailed his ship to Cocos and hidden the treasure. Soon after leaving the island, the ship was captured with the result that every man of the crew was killed with the exception of Captain Thompson and one other, who were spared to give the location of the treasure. By some writers Benito Bonito is connected with Thompson in this venture, but it is unlikely that he entered into the picture, although there was a man named Thompson sailing with Benito during his ravages in the Caribbean; this was probably not the same man, however. When brought back to the island to disclose the hiding place, Thompson and his companion appear to have escaped into the mountain and to have remained there until their captors departed, thus holding their secret. Here the story is confused again, but Thompson alone is left - he either shut his companion in the cave or did away with him by some other foul means.

Thirty years later, on his deathbed, he gave the information, which he alone knew, to an illiterate man named Keating, with whom he was boarding, and from this man came many stories of the exact location with just as



Beach at Chatham Bay

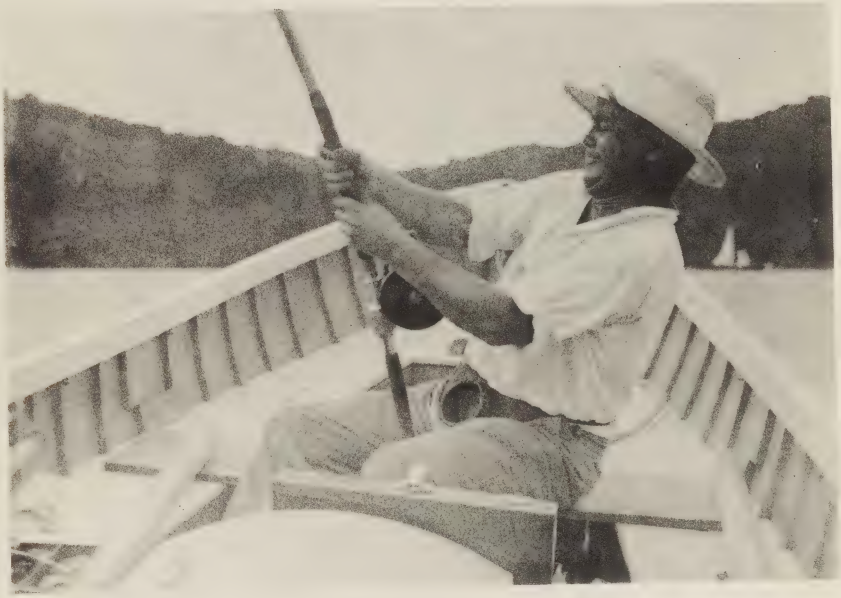


At Cocos

many contradictions. Keating came to the island once himself, where he was supposed to have found the treasure. Though his crew mutinied, he, with the Captain managed to sneak ashore after taking some of the booty, and then Keating saw to it that no one but himself should go back with any knowledge of his secret. Further stories and clues have come from Keating's young wife to whom he told the story. However, the secret has never been revealed; or a change in the formation of the land has made the clues impossible to follow. There is a yarn that the treasure has been moved to an island near the Society Group where an expedition of considerable extent spent months trying to locate it. Difficulty with the crew prevented even a proper search and, on returning, the searchers were satisfied that they had been misled in the entire venture. Believe what we may, it is likely that there is a treasure on the island; the golden images and bullion from Lima have never been disclosed, though surely they were taken away on that memorable day in 1821.

With this background of mystery, foul play, and brigandage one cannot keep from a feeling of wholesome awe as the island comes into view; and on approaching Chatham Bay every feeling is magnified. Utter wilderness rises abruptly on all sides, every inch covered with brilliant green foliage, almost impassable; waterfalls glisten against the steep slopes; complete silence wraps the massive mountains in an impenetrable veil. It is hard to imagine a more impressive sight than that which confronted us when the chain rattled and the anchor was dropped in Chatham Bay. We all looked but little was said as we gazed with admiration and wonder at this spectacle of unfathomed grandeur.

After sitting around on deck enjoying our first sight of this strange and distant land, and making doubly sure our anchorage was clear of all obstructions, we went ashore to stretch our legs and see what the island had to offer in other respects. There was a nice, sandy beach at the head of the harbor. Here as the dory slid into the beach a shark nearly eight feet long showed his fin in a rather startling manner - so close inshore was he that he could not have been swimming in over a foot and a half of water. We learned our lesson, once and for all; we would not give these scavengers a chance, even



Fast to a big one

off the shallow beaches. We did not attempt to break our way through the thick underbrush, but walked along the beach and among the rocks, which were completely covered with crabs and barnacles. The barnacles were two to three inches in diameter and could not be dislodged. Vines and creepers were hanging down to the water's edge while in places brilliant flowers peered through the foliage.

As fishing was our immediate objective, we made our preparations at once. It was sailfish we wanted, the big ones, but in this we were to be disappointed. Whitlock and I for the next four days did our best to land a sailfish, but it was not to be obtained. We tried trolling fast, and slow, cut bait of all lengths, with a sinker, without a sinker, and on the surface with a kite. We fished on shore, off shore, following directions from others who had caught them in this very place, but could not raise one. I think I saw a sail one day for my bait looked once as though it had been struck; if it were a real strike, it happened at the same time a booby had his wings tangled in my line. That is the story of the sailfish. We caught many tuna, and wahoo up to fifty pounds, plenty of yellowtail and groupers, but they were by no means as plentiful as others have found them in this region.

I will quote from the fishing log kept by Freddie to give a description of the fishing:--

"Out again soon after luncheon. We put up a kite which flew beautifully but the birds were annoying, not only bothering the bait but flying into the kite string and line as well. Once, when a booby hit the kite string, it knocked the fishing line off the snap-catch, so I dropped my rod on the boat seat and tried to get the booby untangled. In about a second, I had a strike on my line and Bunny grabbed my rod, but then had one on his. The booby and kite were abandoned, but when I set up my fish, the line had parted not far from the leader. It may have been a bad knot, perhaps the fish parted it, or maybe the line had been partially cut by a shot from the



Feeding the Frigates



Wahoo

.410 gauge with which Bunny had been peppering the birds. It was an amusing few moments. He landed his fish - a fifty-pound wahoo.

"We returned to the wahoo grounds - about three hundred yards off Conic Island, where we enjoyed great sport. You could not go over the spot without getting a strike. We got three more: Bunny a large one; I two small ones, about twenty pounds; and we lost four besides. They gave a bully run - very fast - at first close to the surface, sometimes breaking the water but not jumping. Often they doubled back to the boat, making you believe you had lost them. After the first fireworks they are through and come in rather easily, not making the deep-water fight of the tuna. There were no signs of sailfish. We were disappointed, but hopeful.

"During the night a shark had bitten an enormous piece out of our bait, but had missed the hook. It, or another one about fourteen feet long, was swimming about under the boat at seven A. M. We baited two hooks for the shark. About 8:15 we saw that one of the hooks - bait and all - was gone. The chain link had straightened out like soft copper wire.

"Fished all morning around Nuez and off Chatham Bay about 3/4 mile. Caught one small yellowtail and about a fifteen pound tuna, which were used for bait - former on Record Spoon and latter on feather. Coolidge had a beautiful strike - probably a wahoo from his long first run, but he was hooked lightly, and was lost. He also lost another nice fish, tackle and all to a shark. I had a strike which might have been a sail, as we were trolling fast, but ended, with Coolidge's assistance, with a five or six-foot shark, which was cut loose.

"The frigate birds and boobies made fishing with cut bait impossible. There were hundreds of them following us, continually picking it up. We landed two boobies and a frigate bird. The boobies actually dived from every direction under the water after the bait and, when it was jerked from their mouths, popped to the surface with a surprised look, and immediately ducked under water, apparently to see where their prey had disappeared. The



Big Shark



Two of the unborn sharks

frigate birds do not dive, but pick up the bait in the same way the big Atlantic sea gulls do, and their long bills enable them to reach at least three or four inches under water. Both species are absolutely fearless of man, flying within a few feet of the boat, even picking up the heavy metal teaser, a few yards astern. The frigate birds picked numerous pieces of bait off the fish knife I held at arm's length. The first grabbed the knife as well, taking it out of my hand. He dropped it almost immediately and, luckily, it fell in the boat between Bunny and me, without cutting anyone.

"On our return to the "Dolphin", we found the crew fast to a shark which measured 13½' by 9' and weighed quite a lot, as the men who hoisted her will attest. Her girth was well accounted for later; when she was opened, out popped eighteen or twenty little ones, well developed, able to swim perfectly, two feet eight inches long, and weighing about two or three pounds each. They were strikingly marked with black spots and their heads were broad and flat. They were toothless and their eyes had not developed fully, being very pale. The flukes of their tails were markedly longer than their mother's.

"It rained in the afternoon and Bunny developed the pictures taken in the morning to see if we had the exposure correct. They turned out very well.

"About five o'clock we fished around Nuez for about half an hour, catching one thirteen-pound yellowtail and two skipjack - six and nine pounds respectively - to be used for cut bait in the morning."

While we were spending our time fishing, Doc and the Chief took to climbing the supposedly impenetrable jungle; from their description and from the walk upstream I took from Wafer Bay, the going is fearfully hard and, unless you follow the bed of a stream, it would be almost impossible to cover any distance during a day. Then again, many of the streams have falls and their beds are slippery rocks, so even at the best the walking is difficult. As I did very much less climbing than Doc and the Chief, I will quote from the Chief's memoirs the description of a day's climb, which took twelve hours. They



Interior at Cocos



Interior at Cocos

both had enough when they finally got back to the ship at sundown.

"The stream was quite large at the point where it came out on the beach but not very deep. The rocks were slippery and the walking very difficult. Several small falls were encountered after we had gone a short distance but were easily walked around or climbed over. The going was very steep and dangerous in places. The foliage was so dense at times that we had to break our way through. After we had travelled two to three hours, we came to a falls around which we had to detour. At the foot of the falls we found one of the boulders marked "ELBE 1836" and on another the date 1851. Near it was a more recent date - 1931. Above the falls was a lovely spot - the stream widened out and became much shallower with short green grass growing in it; the trees were much larger and more spaced. From some of the branches, about a hundred feet up, hung straight, thin vines, no more than a half inch in diameter but so strong that the Doctor and I together could not pull one down. The going was much easier. While the rocks were slippery, they were smaller and could be walked on without much difficulty. We saw a path where wild hogs had descended for water - it looked too steep for any living thing, but later we found it could be made with care. As we went up further, the stream grew narrower and, in some places, the walls were like the sides of a high, straight canyon cut out of solid rock. At one o'clock we came to a large basin from one side of which arose a square, smooth stone wall about fifty feet high and nearly as wide. In the center were falls about two feet across. We had luncheon at the foot of the falls and them climbed up a steep hill to get above them. The stream was quite narrow with a clay soil bottom opening up into pools that were often waist-deep and, in spots, looked even deeper. We ascended about half a mile, coming to a horsehoe turn in the stream which reverted to the rocky nature, but was so small that it could be discerned only with difficulty. It was so overgrown that we decided to take to the banks and see if we could reach the top. The grade was steep, and the soil rather wet, but the growth was not as thick as lower on the island. Consequently, by occasionally grabbing a tree for support we made the climb in a short time. About 2.30



A view from the hills

we reached the top of the ridge from which point of vantage we could see the ocean on both sides of the point of land. Here there grew trees of from six to ten feet in height with bushy tops and trunks about three inches in diameter. Palms and ferns too flourished in abundance, while, occasionally, larger tropical trees about fifty feet high interspersed the terrain. Doc climbed one of these to get a picture but failed to get beyond the leaves. The walking on top was very pleasant - the growths were not thick enough even to need pushing aside. It seemed much cooler than the other times we had left the stream - for previously the minute we left the stream the heat became intense. We started back by coming down the ridge a little to the east of where we had made our final ascent and soon found that we had chosen the shortest but most treacherous route. We reached our stream where we found ourselves upon the steep banks about seventy feet above the water. The lowest part was of steep rock or large stones, while the part we were on was slippery, wet clay with ferns here and there that were the only things to keep us from sliding to the bottom; and they were not very supporting. If we slipped in earnest we would be lucky to tell of it! We did not want to turn back, so we kept on going parallel to the stream about two thirds up the bank. We soon came upon one of the tributary falls that we thought so pretty earlier in the day. It was too wide to cross from our position, as we were about five feet from the top, yet we could not go down the big bank. We went up by catching hold of some ferns, then crossing the small falls at its top. We crept along like snails - every moment expecting to crash to the bottom a hundred feet below. We gave a sigh of relief when we reached more solid footing; but we were again struck with the problem of getting down to the stream so as to get out on the beach, as the sea wall that we would come upon if we went straight was too steep to descend. We had endured an hour of this agonizing slide, climb, slide procedure, when we came upon a place with a few more trees and signs of hogs. They had rooted all around. It looked as if they had heard us coming, and just sneaked off. It was a very difficult position to be in - if the hogs attacked us, we would have been hard pressed to get



A view from the hills



One of the steep slopes

away; for the underbrush grew so thickly they would have been right upon us before we could have shot at them. While the river looked just as sharply below as before, the few trees, increased brush, and hog tracks made us feel that the hogs had gone down that way, so we could too. The Doctor started down first - clinging to the barrel of my gun, until he became wedged behind a small tree. Then I slid down to a tree near him, and so we slid from tree to tree until we got down. We found that it was much easier than we had expected; but we were covered from head to foot with soft mud. We found we were back to the lovely spot above the first falls where we noticed the long vines. We then resumed the stream path that we took up in the morning. We kept our eyes open all the time to see places where the treasure that is said to be buried in this island might be located. We perceived several likely looking spots, but as we had nothing with which to move the rocks, we just marked the places in the event of our wish to find them later. We reached the beach finally about five o'clock, after a strenuous day. We had found no treasure, nor shot any hogs; but the trip constituted a treasure in itself.

"The trees, vines, and tropical vegetation were beautiful and wild. Many of the ferns and grasses filled the air with strange scents when broken. Some of them smelled like paregoric while others had a sweet, sickish smell. We stripped at the beach while waiting for the boat to come in for us, and cleaned off the mud in the pool.

"We had completely passed over one ridge of mountains to the top of a more central ridge or watershed; had we gone down the other side of that ridge, we would have reached the opposite side of the island."

During our stay at Cocos, we shot a few specimens of the native birds for the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Harvard and were able to get three out of four that we sought. We found the cuckoo, warbler, and finch, but did not see the flycatcher. We also brought back a heron, which we were surprised to find, as it is not classed as a native and yet herons do not migrate over long expanses of ocean. Also, we collected some strange, crablike spiders,



Wafer Bay

and small lizards, thinking they might be of some interest; at any rate we had a great deal of pleasure catching them.

Wafer Bay - only a mile around the point from Chatham Bay is by far the prettiest spot in the island, being the only place that has the South Sea atmosphere. There is a lovely white, sandy beach at the head of the harbor, with a brook running down a long valley, emptying into the ocean as it runs by the tall, waving palms that overhang the entire length of the beach. The only flat land on the island is just behind the beach, and there is very little of it, but enough for a few shacks that had been built by the many treasure seekers and Herr Giessler, the determined.

I spent one day with the Doc in Wafer Bay searching for the many places that disappointed treasure hunters had dug, shooting the birds then taking a long stroll up the valley through the thick underbrush and up the slippery bed of the stream. A marker cautioning us not to disturb the hens and ducks, signed by Julius Fleischmann, accounted for the presence of numerous poultry that were strutting proudly behind the shacks, together with their many chicks - they seemed to be prospering for many of the hens were setting. Our men left a bowl of mash for the fowl to eat, which was not the right thing to do, as the hens are there for scientific reasons and expected to find their own feed. I felt even worse next day to find that five little chicks had fallen in to the bowl and perished. There was no evidence of the ducks.

Two wrecks lie in the harbor. One of them we were advised to locate, as it seems to be the habitat of many and varicolored small fish which are fascinating to watch as they swim in and out of the old beams. We failed to locate it after a short search, but did see many colored fish along the shores both here and later in the Galápagos - each one seemed to have a different shape and color.

During the day I spent at Wafer Bay, Freddie still pursued the elusive sailfish, taking Ed, one of the sailors, along with him.



The "Reliance"

He writes in the log, "Ed landed the fish after he had reeled him in by dropping the rod, grabbing the line, and hauling in the fish hand over hand until gaffed. Another time, Ed - who had never used a rod before - got fast to a shark and, when the shark took line with the brake all the way on, he let out an oath, grabbed the twenty-four-thread line, and hauled away. The line parted at the leader, as the shark came into sight, and he was furious at losing the tackle, as he had planned to gaff him with one hand, and beat him to death with the other. One remark I loved was when he said, "If I break this rod, who pays for he?"

The Chief advised me that nearly half our water supply was exhausted, which seemed incredible, as we had been gone only ten days and expected to have a sufficient supply for six weeks. Cocos has plenty of water; indeed in some places a dory can actually be placed under a falls, which is the simplest and best method for taking on water. When attempting this, we found on the east side of Chatham Bay a barrel placed in a pool, high above the ocean level. A small stream poured into this receptacle, which in turn emptied its contents through a hose attachment, so nothing could be simpler than to run the hose out to the dory and fill her, which we did. It might not appear particularly attractive to some to drink water out of a dory that had been used for every conceivable purpose, including fishing, but no one gave this a thought, as we drank the precious water. It turned out that there must have been some mistake, as we came back to Panama four weeks later with four hundred gallons, and the ship's capacity is only a thousand.

One evening after dark, the "Reliance", a tuna fisherman, hailing from San Pedro, California, anchored off Chatham Harbor. We were surprised to see another ship in these waters, but her arrival proved to be of great interest. We took much pleasure both from watching her in operation, and in conversing with her crew, who were a fine lot of men - hard-working, extremely muscular, as well as clean, sociably pleasant and agreeable. Our Captain was at once impressed with them as compared with the Gloucester men. Freddie claimed that the "Dolphin" smelled stronger of fish than the "Reliance"



Swinging a 100-pounder on board

even though our catch was only a handful, while they had taken on ten tons during the day. Twice they came on board in the evening. The Doc taped the Chief Engineer's ankle one morning. We hoped it was only a sprain and not broken.

We checked our chronometer and spent half a day fishing with them, an experience long to be remembered by all of us. As they had wireless facilities, we also sent messages home.

The "Reliance", built only three years ago, is jointly owned by the crew of fourteen, with the exception of Sparks, the radio operator who is on a salary basis. She is operated in conjunction with a cannery, which advanced the majority of the money to build her, a percentage of which must be repaid each year if the ship is earning her way. The crew - being the owners - are naturally keen and enthusiastic, as well as proud of their vessel and its success.

During this season, she makes trips to Cocos and Galápagos after stopping at Magdalena Bay for bait (for which privilege she pays the Mexican Government $450 yearly), and is away for about six weeks, or until she fills up with tuna to capacity - approximately one hundred twenty tons. On this particular trip, we heard two weeks later, she had returned with a full load, so she must have caught nearly ten tons a day on the average, which is excellent fishing. She has taken eighty-four tons in two days, which record other boats will have a difficult time to match .

With a four hundred and fifty horse-power Fairbanks and Morse Diesel motor and two twenty-five kilowatt generators, she has modern equipment, and all winches, pumps, hoists, lights, etc. are electrical. She does not make her ice, but carries a sufficient quantity which supplemented by her refrigeration lasts indefinitely. All the fish are packed in layers covered by crushed ice in the refrigerated spaces.

There are several live-bait tanks, into which there is a continual flow of water; and thousands of anchovettes swim constantly around



On board the "Reliance"



A close-up

in the same direction. When food is thrown in, they merely circle the tank faster with their gills wide open as they approach the food, but one never stops to feed as they swim by in a perfect procession. The tanks are kept clean (dead fish are removed every day), for every precaution is taken to keep this bait in good condition. The sides of the tanks are painted white, and they are illuminated at night, which prevents casualties from bumping snouts against the sides of the tank in the dark, a frequent cause of great mortality.

On each side of the stern is an iron grating that can be lowered near the water to form a platform from which the men may fish. If there is any sea running, this grating is submerged a good part of the time, yet it is necessary to have it low when heaving heavy fish, which then must be thrown over the bulwarks. When tuna are sighted - because they have broken water or jumped, or because small fish in their wild rush to escape have shown themselves on the surface - the vessel is headed immediately in their direction. As the location is approached, the baitman on the after deckhouse throws out a few minnows at a time - then, provided the birds do not get the little fellows before they have a chance to go down - the tuna will surely take them, though it is often some time before they will perceive them. However, as soon as the school picks up the first of the bait, they quickly become enticed to the proximity of the big vessel, and it is not long before there is a wild rush of them to her sides as more and more bait is thrown over to attract them. Soon they can be seen breaking water only a few feet from the staging which causes the whole crew to turn to in earnest - from the Captain to the cook. Heavy bamboo poles, with only a few feet of line and a barbless hook surrounded by Japanese feathers make up the entire outfit. If the fish are hungry, they are caught as quickly as a man can work, striking the instant the feather hits the water. It is really an absorbing sight to view them at close quarters - not a word is spoken as the fish come piling aboard.

Small fish, under twenty-five pounds, can be handled by one man, but if the fish run larger, two or three men work together with only one hook fastened to their rods. The day we were on board, the tuna were



The Dory at Cocos



Life Boat

running large - perhaps averaging ninety pounds - so that these fellows are called "three-men fish"; and such they proved to be, as in many cases even the three men were unable to tease them over the bulwarks to safety. If the fish are not biting well, it is often necessary to use a bare hook with a barb, the hook being baited with a minnow, but this is a much slower process which also involves delay in extracting the hook from the tuna, which is not always as simple as it would appear.

When the fish stop striking, which may be from five minutes to an hour or more, another school is sought. As the ship starts, it is extremely interesting to watch the tuna grab the bait that had been hiding under the vessel as she lay still in the water. They have no chance, appearing to be lost after being thrown in, as they swim slowly about until grabbed by fish or bird.

We wish the "Reliance" success in her many future ventures, as we certainly enjoyed and appreciated the sincere hospitality of her crew.

We did not find the activities at Cocos exactly as we were led to believe. First: it had been said that no one could fish a whole day without breaking his back, because the fish were so numerous and large. We did not find this at all true; for our catches were very disappointing. Secondly: the hills had been stated to be absolutely impassable on account of the thickets and underbrush, yet we managed to penetrate into the interior several miles, partly up the river beds and then again by cutting up the sides of the mountains and around their slopes. The going was not easy by any means, but far from impassable. Thirdly: a species of small ants were reported to have attacked parties of explorers and bitten them so badly that they were obliged to beat a hasty retreat. This was not our experience; although we did encounter some of these ants but were never seriously bothered with them at any time. There are many wild hogs on the island, but it is fortunate we did not count on them for food, as we looked and sought patiently for them, without any success whatsoever. We had been told that they were so plentiful we need never worry about fresh meat. Sharks were certainly numerous, but did not act



Sunburned Shins



A haircut for the Doctor

as we were led to believe they would. Although we baited the shark hooks as instructed, we only caught one large one; and she was not taken on the suggested bait. There were thousands of boobies and frigate birds, but not one lighted on our spreaders as recorded in the experiences related by the "Arcadia" and "Noma".

The weather stayed clear and calm every day except two out of the five days, when we had showers in the afternoons; we never had a squall at night, the frequency of which we had been warned against. We hung a light over the side at night, which instead of drawing thousands of fish, as we had been led to expect, attracted very few, nearly all of which turned out to be small fry. We also rigged an underwater light, with no more exciting results. Taking everything into consideration, I believe the fish were not as numerous around Cocos as they have been in the past - for what reason it is difficult to say. Usually they are guided strongly by currents, so it is quite likely that there may have been some change in that direction which would account for it. Yet, at the same time, there were large schools of tuna. Whatever the reason, we did not get the fish we expected, but as compensation we saw a lot more of the country than we had anticipated.

We left the rugged shores of Cocos with its mammoth sharks, and hot, sultry weather on February 8. In leaving, I must not forget to mention that as an anchorage Chatham Bay held no lure for any of us, as we rolled continually there. The strong currents and long Pacific swell, although at times almost imperceptible, were sufficient to cause the tiresome roll.

The passage to the Galapagos Islands was made entirely under power - hardly a ripple broke the surface of the ocean the entire time. It was a lovely two days' trip - especially so at night, as then the moon was nearly full while the temperature was ideal for night sailing. I have never enjoyed a watch more than during those two evenings - they were so peaceful and perfect, it would have been a pleasure to have stayed up all night.


J.G. BEARD

Curious rings around the moon in all colors of the rainbow were an added attraction. They did not last long, as the light clouds blew by but it was an amazing spectacle while it lasted.

The Galápagos Islands were authentically discovered by the Bishop of Panama in 1535, when he was sailing from Panama to Peru. The light, variable winds and strong currents had taken him hundreds of miles out of his way, bringing him to the Archipelago. He hoisted the Spanish flag, but merely as a gesture. For three hundred years after this discovery, the islands were still unclaimed and very rarely visited. They are situated on the Equator six hundred miles off the coast of Ecuador. The climate is good, but water is scarce, so, for this reason, together with the fact that a large percentage of the land is not open to cultivation, as it consists of solid lava and mountainous peaks which are inaccessible, few people showed any interest in forming a settlement, or claiming the property. Some of the islands possess good soil in places and a fair amount of water from springs, but these are not easy to find. A ship in search of water did not always have good fortune; even when water was found, it was a terrific task to carry it down to the ship.

Many of the islands rise precipately out of the ocean, making it impossible to effect a landing. The sheer lava cliffs in places overhang the ocean, where they have been undermined by the constant erosion of the sea. Large caverns have been worn in the sides of these volcanic mountains, making the coastline rugged and uninviting - as, indeed the islands are with the possible exception of the four now inhabited.

The volcanoes have been erupting for hundreds of years and many fearful tales have been told by passing ships of their violence and intense heat. Two ocean currents pass through - the Peruvian to the north and the Humbolt to the south; as the latter is considerably colder than the



Captain Ross at the wheel



The Crew

former, the temperature of the islands often varies ten degrees, as does the surrounding water. During the rainy season, from December to April, there is little wind. The additional handicap of the strong currents makes it very difficult for the sailing vessels but simple and pleasant for those with power.

Starting in April, the S. E. trades blow constantly, causing the climate to be cool and pleasant. Some say "uncomfortably cold in the early morning" but this was hard for us to believe, although undoubtedly true.

The native birds and animals are exceedingly tame, showing no fear of man. On the other hand, the wild cattle, pigs, dogs, etc. brought by settlers years ago are both wild and wary. The birds that have migrated from the mainland are far more timid then those of the indigenous species. Charles Darwin visited these islands shortly after they were settled, and from the similarity of the life on the various islands together with their close resemblance to others of their species on the mainland, he is said to have derived theories of evolution which gave him the background for his "Origin of Species". At that time he was a believer in the oceanic theory, viz: that the land rose directly out of the ocean and was never connected with Central America. Scientists still heartily disagree on this subject but the majority think that there was a connection with the mainland at a very early period. They are nearly all of the opinion that at one time the many volcanic peaks were on one large island, and that the land sank, leaving the peaks alone projecting above the level of the water.

In the early days, the Galápagos were known as "The Enchanted Isles" -- probably on account of the difficult in approaching and getting away during the periods of light winds -- and under this name they were known the world over.

Three hundred years after their discovery, Villamil, an Ecuadorian, who had fought for his country's freedom from the Spaniards, conceived the first idea of colonization. After persuading the government to grant pardons to eighty revolutionists provided they accompanied him, he made



Freddie standing a tough watch



The crew at ease

his way to Charles and formed a settlement, claiming the entire group in the name of Ecuador - and under that flag it has remained ever since, without molestation by any other nation. The project worked well until, being short of labor, a penal colony was started. Four years after the original pilgrimage, when Darwin paid his visit, the islands possessed three hundred inhabitants. Col. Williams, who succeeded Villamil, was such a hard and cruel leader that many colonists left, until in 1849 there were only twenty-five, all of whom were criminals. To continue the frightful history of Charles, Briones, a pirate, was deported there. Under his leadership, the other criminals soon captured a whaler on which they sailed to Chatham and killed the Governor. On approaching the shores of Ecuador, they came upon two sloops, commanded by Flores, who was leading a revolt against the government, and they captured both by employing the wily and cruel methods of Briones. Heading his vessel now for Guayaquil, where he expected to be exonerated for his past deeds and honored for his latest triumph, Briones found quite the opposite reception; for he and his whole crew were hung.

In 1870 Valdizian formed another settlement on ill-fated Charles, and it was proving highly successful until, again, a penal colony was formed. The sequence of this event was the murder shortly afterwards of Valdizian. A pitched battle took place between the reputable citizens and the convicts, which ended with all the convicts except one being killed. Not long after this uprising the island was entirely abandoned.

The next settler was Antonio Gil, who, at the head of a small enterprise, stayed a few years, then went to Albemarle, where he founded Villamil, which today numbers approximately one hundred inhabitants.

Chatham, which enjoys the largest water supply of any of the islands, was settled in 1869; Manuel Cobos was the Governor. He reigned for many years over the settlers and the penal colony with cruel tyranny. One of his favorite punishments was beating the culprit to death; another was to land the offender on an island that would not support life, and leave him there



A Visitor



Tower Island

to starve under the hot sun. Cobos was killed in 1904, a ship that he had hidden on the far side of the island was taken and many of the people departed in it.

Doubtless there would be many more tales of pirate activities, bloodshed, murder and hidden treasure, if the islands could speak. The only signs today of their dark history are the large caves cut by hand in the lava sandstone, and the remains of a fortress - mostly natural - which stands above the spring where our friends, the Widemanns, make their home. What a strange looking structure it is: - I only wish we knew more of its history and use. The Widemanns lived in one of these excavations until they were able to build their house, so the caves have served at least one good purpose.

At noon the second day we entered Darwin Bay where after a short search we found the sand bar off the northern side of the harbor and anchored close to the rocky shore in three fathoms of water. Darwin Bay is a huge sunken crater, a mile across and nearly round, with no bottom. It is impossible to anchor unless the sand bar can be used, but this is safe only for small vessels.

Tower Island is flat, with the exception of where the lava slides and ridges are covered with low scrub growth. The ground is dry and strewn with broken lava. At times the rain comes down in torrents but even in the wet season, due to its low structure, this island does not get its full share of precipitation. The dry soil must absorb the rain rapidly for we saw no streams or brooks for carrying away the surplus water even after the hardest downpour ever, which lasted over an hour.

This is the rainy season at Galápagos and the season of light winds and warm weather, so we could not expect favorable winds, yet the climate is not unpleasant, for the rain consists only of a shower, or perhaps several hard showers, during the afternoon. Many days are clear and lovely, although showers may often be seen on distant islands.

As soon as the anchor got a firm hold and the dory was lowered, we were greeted by a booby sitting on the main boom less than a foot



Diseased Frigates on their nests



Indefatigable Island

away from my head, which was promptly photographed. Rowing ashore, we found a small beach around a point of rocks, and there sunning themselves we perceived three seals. They proved to be very tame, but growing a trifle anxious at our landing near them, began to waddle into the water when we started to show a little interest in them. This cove was a mass of bird life, frigates and boobies predominating, but mocking birds, doves, ducks, oyster catchers, herons, gulls, and many others were all about us. The frigate birds, many of whose males wore enormous crimson pouches, were sitting on their nests by the hundreds. Curiously, there were dozens and dozens of nests with dead birds in them, while others looked miserable. This same description was written several years ago, so time does not seem to improve their sickness. There are still plenty of birds, but it would seem that in years gone by there must have been many more.

During our short stay here we went across the harbor and out around the point to fish. We caught several groupers, and could have brought a boatload back. The largest weighed eighteen pounds but many ran even larger and could be seen by the hundreds as one was being hauled in. The petrels were like flies in Canada off this point. I have never before seen such a cloud of flying birds, all of the same variety, and covering such a large section. This is undoubtedly their breeding ground, but we did not go ashore to ascertain.

It was Saturday afternoon, February 11, when we pulled out of Darwin Bay and headed for Indefatigable - another almost perfect night's sail awaited us, as the moon rose and we proceeded along at a snail's pace under sail, through the calm, flat, tropical waters.

Daphne Major, a circular island, once the peak of a volcanic mountain, with a crater in its center, has seldom been visited by man. It rises from the water's edge with a steep but constant incline, appearing very regular in shape and extremely uninviting. Nevertheless we decided to climb to the crater. The sun felt hot as it beat down upon us burdened as we were with our cameras and guns. To add to the discomfort, we found the footing very treacherous, consisting as it did of sand, dry soil, and small lava rocks



Daphne Major



At the bottom of the crater

that constantly gave way under us and started rolling down the hillside. We felt uneasy that one of us might be carried down as well, so we were extremely careful. I imagine our trouble was mostly mental, but it was a sobering sight to glance down the steep incline with the thought of such a slide in mind. We came to the edge of the crater and gazed down into the white, cool, sandy bottom, where hundreds of boobies were nesting or flying about.

Birds of many kinds filled the air while nearly every cactus sheltered a dove, finch, or booby from the hot sun. A multitide of hawks, gulls and frigates soared above us. We descended halfway down into the crater until we came to a flat shelf, where we caught lizards and shot a few small finches, and then after wandering around turned back to the boat. It was a hot afternoon's work and we were glad to get back on board to cool off and rest our weary legs.

Freddie saw a queer bird, and writes the following description:

"February 12th, Daphne Major.

"I hardly dare describe the queer beastie I saw this afternoon. It only gave me a fleeting glance and, although close enough, moved too quickly for accurate observation. At first I thought it was a humming bird, but the wings of the only ones I had seen previously moved too quickly to be seen. In this case, I could see the wings all right, but instead of one pair, there seemed to be two, one behind the other. There was no tail in evidence, and the body looked as if it might have been that of a moth or butterfly, rather than of a bird. In color, it seemed to have a reddish-brown crown, which shaded into iridescent purples and greens on the body. It was flitting around a cactus bush, feeding on the yellow flowers. The most remarkable thing was its proboscis which looked fully twice as long as its body - at least six or seven inches, curved downwards, and a light yellow in color. I distinctly saw it dip this into a flower for a second before flying to the next bush and out of sight."



A 28 lb. Dolphin



On the beach at Harrison Cove

The doves on Daphne were very tame and extremely plentiful. We must have seen at least a hundred on the small part of the island we covered and most of them could have been captured with the net. The lizards and all the birds, with the exception of the boobies take refuge from their enemies under the low growing cacti. Here, too, they seem to enjoy the grateful shade. Under each bush we could see several of every variety. We thought we saw a different kind of booby, his plumage a mottled gray and white, but it may have been a young bird, although, apparently, fully grown.

We saw no iguanas and only the small lizards or geckos (not longer than nine inches). We captured eight or ten by smacking them with the small bushes which were easily torn up from the ground by their roots. In this we were more successful than Mr. Beebe, who writes that he was unable to capture them with their tails intact. Our net was useless in getting them; and catching them by hand was out of the question, as they move like streak lightning when scared.

We next headed for Conway Bay on Indefatigable Island, where the vessel overran the harbor as we sailed down the coast. However, we soon detected our mistake and retraced our course, swinging around Eden until we came to anchor in eight fathoms. Eden is a large, impressive, bare island, close to shore, but when passing outside appears to be a considerable distance off; it fooled us all until we had passed clear without seeing any signs of the harbor. Inaccessible Indefatigable rose in front of us, as we lay in the harbor. Dr. Beebe and Governor Pinchot's party tried in vain to climb this mountain, and tales of hardship in travelling over the rough country fill many pages of their books. Scientists have their problems to solve; at times it is convenient not to have the desire to push beyond the limits that other men have travelled. We were willing to forego the doubtful pleasure. Curiously enough, however, unknown to Dr. Beebe and Governor Pinchot, a road had been built up the other side of the mountain by early settlers in search of precious metals, so their hardships might have been avoided had they been aware of its existence.



A close-up

Landing in Harrison Cove, we walked down the beach a mile or more but, except for our first sight of the marine iguana, we could not find much of interest. There was far less life to be seen than on the other islands, and the brush was thick, with lava ridges on all sides. The tracks of the iguanas on the beach were unmistakable, with the footprints wide apart and the wavy impression in the sand formed by the wagging tail very much in evidence. This creature is not a graceful mover, nor appealing in any way except for its strange appearance. It is dark with no colors to brighten it, and not nearly as entertaining as its brother that lives on the land. At noon, when we made our way to the boat, three small mantas were playing on the surface of the water, completely unconcerned, but we saw no large ones, which are so common in these waters.

South Seymour, one of the few islands that still shelter the giant land iguana, was our next stop. Due to shoaling of the water, we were forced to anchor a mile offshore, but fortunately the useful outboard was still in perfect order, so it mattered little how close we could get. We landed on a steep, sandy beach, where we were greeted by a black lizard about a foot and a half long, somewhat similar to the ones on Tower. Walking up the beach we encountered a dozen of the land iguanas, lying in the shade of the shrubs on the bank. We were delighted at finding them, as they are not common on these islands today, although in past years before their wholesale destruction by passing vessels the story was quite different. This famous miniature of the gigantic, prehistoric saurians possesses a brilliant yellow head, bright, small eyes and a reddish underbody. The crowning glory of its distinctive appearance is furnished by the bright yellow bristles standing upright on the back of its neck. These iguanas are tame, oftentimes staying still until within reach, but just as often scurrying off at a rapid pace, making a ludicrous picture with their clumsy gait, and waving tails. If they are chased, it is not long before they stop and look around, out of curiosity, when they can be caught very easily. There is nothing fierce in their nature but



A Giant Land Iguana



Kicker Rock

if molested they have a hard bite, as the stock of our gun will readily prove. On the other hand, if approached quietly and grabbed by the tail, which apparently makes them helpless, they do not snap quickly. They have little strength in the tail, making it impossible for them to double back and bite; but it is well to hold them clear of one's leg, so as not to put anything too tempting within reach.

Seymour is flat, with scattered bushes and cactuses covering the whole island. The walking was comparatively good, but sandy, with loose lava everywhere. Goats with large, flat horns are frequently seen scampering around and much bird life is apparent; but the iguanas drew our chief attention. Many were seen over the island some three or four feet up in the bushes and others lying in the shade, seemingly half asleep. They are sluggish movers, and have a lazy appearance. They are vegetarians, and their main source of food is the prickly cactus, which is too much for other animals but seems to have no effect on their hard, bony mouths.

High up on the beach big, round holes had been dug and filled in again by the turtles. Here they lay their eggs. Those holes - four feet across - must have been deep, because I scooped out sand at least eighteen inches down and found no eggs, and would have gone deeper only the loose sand was hard to handle. As soon as a handful had been removed, two more would descend from the bank, making the digging by hand difficult. Undoubtedly there were eggs at the bottom of these holes, but none were unearthed.

Passing close to Kicker Rock - off Chatham Island - between heavy showers, we made our way to Wreck Bay, the foremost harbor of this group of islands, and the only place that has a steamer connection to the mainland. The "Manuel Cobos" (named after the cruel administrator) has been in service for fifty years, stopping in Wreck Bay every two months to bring the necessities of life to the inhabitants and taking back whatever exports may be ready. She was late in arriving and much concern was displayed concerning her safety, as she is so old that her last trip cannot be far away.



The Doctor typing a few tid-bits



Visitors in Wreck Bay

The main settlement is Progresso, several miles inland, where there are two hundred inhabitants of very meagre means. We are told that little work is accomplished these days, everyone living off the land, as best they can, with as little effort as possible. In years gone by, cattle, sugar, bananas, alligator pears, oranges, and lemons were raised in fair quantities, but today the business has fallen almost off completely.

Wreck Bay, the seaport, has followed suit. This settlement consists of a half dozen rapidly disintegrating shacks and a government building with its flagstaff - on which was hoisted the Ecuadorian flag at our approach. The Governor himself is a short, unshaven, little gentleman, unable to speak English and far from impressive, but he did manage to find a uniform with highly polished shoes to set it off, when he saw us rowing toward the shore. It was a dismal place with the exception of one large field which was enclosed by a barbed-wire fence - well, apparently - but recently - built. On inquiring as to its use, we were told "Government" with a shrugging of hands, as much as to say it had no purpose. Probably a little graft was the answer.

A pelican was hanging inside one shack, whose presence could not be explained except by the words "for fun", but what fun it could be to have a dead pelican hanging from the rafter in your combination kitchen, dining room, and sitting room is another mystery not easy to explain.

Green looking fruits drifting about in the harbor looked rather good to the mate and sailors, so they were quickly scooped up. Ed and Toby did not fancy the taste, but the mate thought differently and did away with his. Later we were told that these fruits should not be touched, not only would they blister your fingers, if touched, but would blind you if they spread to the eyes. Needless to say we were concerned over those who had indulged in their mastication but were relieved later after being told by our friend - a young Dane - that he did not expect they would suffer any serious results. The next few days brought several blistered mouths, especially that of the poor mate who had a terrible sore throat, swollen tonsils as red as fire, and a first-class bellyache. Little could be done for him, so all he got for his troubles was



There was little wind



At anchor

plenty of sympathy and a dose of salts. After two or three days, he recovered completely.

The harbor, with a reef extending nearly across the entrance, has been the scene of several wrecks, from which it derives its name. Masts of an old tanker still project out of the water just inside the reef. In this case, we are told it was not the hidden dangers of navigation but the lust for insurance money that caused the wreck. It was a poor job. If only those masts were standing somewhere to mark the channel, the insurance companies might be repaid by lessening the dangers to future visitors. Needless to say, there are no buoys anywhere around the islands, only a kerosene lamp is supposed to be hoisted on a pole in this particular harbor to warn navigators. How often it is hoisted - or how long it stays lighted - is open to considerable speculation. It certainly should be considered unreliable and probably could not be seen from the entrance even it is were in place.

Our minds had turned to fresh fruit, but on inquiry we were told the trail was so muddy after the terrific downpour that it was impassable and we could get nothing for at least twenty-four hours. The mud prevented us also from walking up to the settlement but this did not disappoint us grievously as we were not impressed with its possibilities. Before noon the next day two boys had returned with small green bananas and other curious vegetables, which we bought. We then got under way for Gardner Bay, Hood Island, in the hope of seeing the albatross rookery which proved so interesting to Governor Pinchot and Dr. Beebe.

Strong currents and very light winds make navigation among these islands so very uncertain that without power or a favorable current it is impossible to reach your destination. On two occasions we found little or no ground had been gained after an all night's sail. The hazards, however, are slight, as there are very few outlying reefs and the land is usually high, making it visible for some distance, even on a dark night.

The Doc. and I went ashore on Gardner Island, but after a couple of hours of rough walking returned to the boat with a few lizards and



A common greeting on Hood Island



The Bird Sanctuary

mone the wiser for our tramp.

Freddie caught some nice tuna and a wahoo off the point. In the evening, just at sundown, an owl flew by, which caused a little excitement as we rushed down for our guns; this is one of the birds requested by the Museum. Soon another flew by, then another and another, all of which we shot. But what a mess they were, after being gathered out of the water. We skinned two that night. I did one and Doc the other in rapid fashion, but a tough sight they were after the job was completed. Every feather seemed to stand on end. Under the skin of their throats we found a mass of worms, an inch or two in length, very much alive - most unpleasant to the skinners; how the owls put up with them is another mystery.

We motored down the shore four miles to the albatross rookery, towing the dory in order to be able to land. The sea ran pretty heavy here, the breakers making us wary in selecting a landing but, fortunately we discovered a small point behind a bar which was sheltered. After this discovery, we landed without difficulty, leaving Toby behind in the boat. Much to our disappointment, not an albatross was to be found. The noble birds who come from the South American shores to nest on this island had not arrived. We were too early in the year, so we had to deny ourselves the pleasure of viewing them. The boobies and frigates were thick, furnishing us with an excellent morning's entertainment, as we plagued the older birds by separating them from their young in order to take pictures. Many of the boobies were sitting on two eggs - the most we saw - but never did we find two young birds under their mother, a problem which we could not solve.

Freddie found three albatross eggs together. One of them was whole with the exception of a hole about an inch in diameter through which a debutante had undoubtedly emerged. These eggs must have lain there since last year, as they were baked by the sun and dried out. We gathered them up for sourvenirs, then headed back for shore.

Hood Island has no characteristics of interest. It is low and covered with small shrubs and loose lava so common in all these is-



Porpoises

lands, but along the shore, where we were, walking was easy and pleasant. I doubt if there is any water obtainable, or even any soil capable of supporting life.

Coming back to our landing place, we found the tide had gone out so far it was impossible to get the dory in, as waves were breaking all around the entrance to the bay where we had entered. I walked down the shore searching for a lee, but there simply wasn't any, so waved to Toby to come in shore in order that I might try my hand at getting aboard. After a few minutes it seemed to calm a bit, so I walked out to my waist in water and jumped in over the stern, as Toby pulled out to avoid the rollers that were piling in. Freddie and the Doc, seeing me in the boat, came around the point. With Toby and me both rowing, we backed slowly in toward shore, awaiting our chance between seas to pick up the others. We finally managed to get them aboard but it was not easy. All three of us managed to get in without a ducking, which would have included cameras, but not by a big margin. At one point the Doc looked like a sure loss as a roller hit him standing in the water.

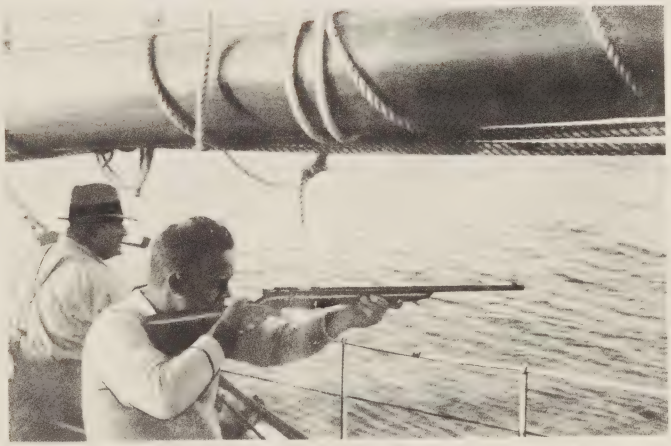
On our way to Charles Island, the loveliest phosphorus appeared in our wake; it was bright and clear for all of a hundred feet astern. To make the evening watch perfect, a school of fish followed us for hours on our quarter and they looked brilliant indeed in the phosphorescent water, as every now and then one would break away from the school only to join it again. We watched them continually as they swam along beside the boat.

The Doc writes a short sketch of Freddie's recent activities - as follows:

"Freddie got out the only piece of gear with which he had not played on the trip: A Hardy seven-ounce rod. Even in New York, before getting on the SS "Pennsylvania", Freddie played with his gear every hour. He was constantly seeking friends to whom he could demonstrate it. On the "Pennsylvania" Ramie and Lydia served him well. At Panama, the Army lent an attentive ear.



Flying the kite



Target practice

"On the "Dolphin", Freddie had a regular schedule that took up the entire day. He would start in in the morning playing with his rods. After an hour or two, he would get out the twenty-two and shoot at any bottles or cans obtainable from the cook. He would even get Frank to roll paper balls at which to shoot; and when these were too far astern, he would shoot at the white caps. The Leica Camera proved an even better amusement. Not one or two pictures would he take of every object but literally ten or twenty. He has snapped five hundred pictures already. Nearly half of these were taken of one pair of boobies. He would sit for hours, taking picture after picture of them; and when on Hood Island, he went through the same thing: boobies, boobies, boobies - how they fascinated him. On this particular morning, after he brought out the last piece of tackle, he asked Coolidge to feel it, cast it, and then mentioned something about the more even balance with the reel on it. Bunny jumped his clue nicely and asked Freddie if he would put on the reel to try it. Freddie did - with great glee!

"And then those kites: the big kite, the medium kite, and the small kite. They were a problem; some would fly and others would not; but the time flew by as he talked them into doing the right thing.

"The reels, the Vom Hofe Reel and the Coxe Reel, how they spun when you oiled them, and gave the handle a quick twist; and take them a-part - certainly - it was easy and lots of fun.

"Alas, poor Freddie has only two rolls of film left and no more rods to show. He has a few twenty-two shells left, however. When these go, I guess he will have to develop a taste for looking at underclothes."

Charles Island, often settled over the last few centuries, is now the home of a handful of Germans, whom I shall describe shortly. Post Office Bay, the harbor, was well known by all mariners in the early days, as there had been a barrel built upon a post where letters were left by passing vessels in hopes another ship would stop and take them to a port from which they would eventually reach their destination. It is still used for the same



Philippson at Post Office Bay



The Baroness

purpose, but not so often, as vessels these days do not spend a year or more at sea as they did in the days gone by.

The settlers on this land might be sketched as follows:

The Baroness von Wagner was born in Austria, the daughter of a celebrated railroad man who was sent, during the war, to take charge of the Bagdad extension. She went with him and from there appears to have travelled extensively in Europe, North Africa, and Asia Minor. She can speak fluently in German, Italian, English, Spanish, Dutch, Persian, and some Arabic. She is also musical and sang in concerts in Paris, where she lived ten years after marrying a Frenchman in Palestine. How long she was married, we do not know; but after Philippson came into her life later she became dissatisfied with city life and all its critics. Thereupon she determined to make a new start, and live quietly where she would have to make her own way with her mate. She had always had gardens on her place with a variety of vegetables and flowers, but had never taken any interest in them, so consequently knew nothing that could help her in her new enterprise until she read her books on cultivation.

Lorenz was working in her shop in Paris (rundown and out of a job when she left) so, rather than leave him, he was brought along as a handy man, although he was in poor health. I imagine she always liked Lorenz and realized that he would be of assistance while the change of climate might do him good. She is reported to have possessed ample funds with which to purchase equipment, as well as to charter a boat to bring her to this island, and a great deal to spare besides. I believe she is merely an adventuress, sane, intelligent, and far-sighted, living the life she wants; and why not? She is forty-two, Philippson twenty-eight, and Lorenz twenty-three, but the latter looks the oldest of the party. None of them have received any mail since their arrival, which they cannot understand. My guess is that the Governor, a little Ecuadorian at Chatham, is somewhat dilatory as a mail dispatcher. He never asked us whether we intended to stop at Charles and, unless some



The Widemann Family



Widemann's House

yacht conveys the mail, I do not see how it will ever be delivered.

Herr Widemann arrived two months ahead of the Baroness and has the preferred location for his house with a better spring besides, and I understand his presence was not known to the Baroness when she decided on her location. Widemann has with him a twelve-year-old son by his first marriage and his new young wife and baby. The baby called "Prince Charles", was born on the island January 2, unattended except for the family and Ritter; no one seems to know what kind of a doctor Ritter is, as his attitude is so indifferent. All goes well, but the baby is thin and looks badly. He is six weeks old and the Frau is working like a beaver. She cannot be over twenty-five; although her husband must be at least forty-five. He served as an officer in the German Army during the war, which left him in poor condition afterward. We were not told what his ailment was, but it was probably some nervous disorder. He looks strong and well now, with a very pleasant disposition. He cannot speak English.

The other Charles Islanders are the Ritters -- well-known, as they have lived here for the last four years. We did not see them but heard many tales from their neighbors of their acute jealousy in dividing their lonely existence with others on the island. Instead of helping, they make things as disagreeable as possible, feeling that their Garden of Eden is being snatched away. There may be another angle to the story, but our source of information seemed to be sincere and reliable.

Early one morning, we sailed into Post Office Bay. I will quote from the log a description of our short stay on this island.

"We could see the house near the beach some time before we anchored. We were very eager to view the remains of the pitiful Norwegians who had been tricked into coming to the land of golden chance by some far-off city slicker. Before the outboard pulled up on the stretch of lovely beach, we perceived a man walking toward our landing spot. It was smooth landing and the boat was soon pulled up. The lad walking towards us turned out to be a German. He wore a dark pair of trousers, white sneakers that exposed several toes, and



The Post Office



On the way to visit the Baroness

carried a knife and small automatic on his belt. He was one of the Baroness' party and had spent the night in the house. We walked up with him and looked at the old Post Office Barrel with its little door on a pole about four feet off the ground. Next we saw the flag-pole and lastly the house. It was a well-built house, set up on concrete piles. Its dimensions seemed approximately forty feet long by twenty wide. It was elaborately wired for lighting. The roof had long since lost its tar paper, so did not offer much of a shelter from rain. All about the house and for several hundred yards on each side, paths were laid out and bordered with large stones, typical of the country. Behind the house was a small shed, perhaps fifteen by fifteen, which had previously served as a generator house. It made quite an impression on us. Just to think of the poor souls who had come all the way from Norway with such high hopes. What must have been their disappointment to find no water and a desolate unyielding island, which rendered all their toil in vain.

The young German explained his visits to the house. A short time before someone had stolen a small rubber boat of another family living on the island. Now he came down every night and slept on the beach, where most of their effects still remained, as they had only carried the bare necessities to their water hole four miles up hill. The generator house now served to keep his pigeons and chickens. Every morning he would carry up a load to his place, then spend the day working about the house and garden. He invited us to go up with him, saying it was but a two and a half hour walk. Freddie had foresight enough to refuse but then reconsidered and we started. Except for a few hundred yards where the path ran over stones, the walking was much better than on any of the other islands, - it led alternately through bushes and clearings, up serried hills, through a pass between the mountains. As we toiled up into the high lands, we passed occasionally dead cattle before we emerged at length at a beautiful cool plateau. The cows, apparently, drop from exhaustion or lack of water, and are unable to get up and go on. Their carcasses soon swarm with flies with the result that after three days or so the smell gets sufficiently inviting to tempt the wild hogs around. These clean up the carcass in short



Her Castle



A luncheon party

order. There are numerous wild dogs also that attack and eat the live calves. The pigs, while large, have no fat on them at all. All the animals are former domesticated ones.

We were greeted by the Baroness at the foot of her garden. From Paris, where she was a blonde (and furious with the society editors if they did not quote her dress correctly to the last item while at Longchamps), she has darkened into a simple, country housewife. She wears a white dress - even with a few spots of hog blood - shoes, and bare legs that are well scratched. Like the lad who led us up, she speaks quite good English. She showed us about her garden and enlightened us as to the water supply. She explained how it dripped down from the rock wall about fifty feet high, was caught, and then let down in a large bucket. She pointed out the large rocks that had to be removed from the soil in order to make her garden beds, and how she had piled them up to make a wall.

Every possible variety of seed has been planted, of which many have flourished; there are numerous others that will not grow. She told us of her future plans to enlarge the garden and fence it off securely so that the wild cattle cannot break in; where they are going to build a duck pond, how they plan to let the stream trickle down the hillside, and how the pond is to be bordered with banana plants. Many pretty flowers and plants grew about the garden, as well as vegetables, coffee, and a few sugar sprouts. The Baroness passed every evening reading her books about certain plants or flowers, and then would spend the next day working out her newly acquired knowledge in the garden. None of her party knew anything of the art of farming beforehand, but now their results seemed favorable.

The Baroness provided us with a luncheon of rice, salad from her garden garnished with a dressing composed of olive oil and juice from the wild lemons; dessert consisted of "emperior cake" which is composed from a sort of chopped up pancake mixed with canned pineapple and apricots. She brought out her last bottle of Schnapps. Coffee was sweetened with sugar that had an ant for nearly every grain of sugar. She explained that the ants were



A view from the garden



Old pirate caves come in handy

good for rheumatism.

She then started to explain her coming to the island and tell us something of the other inhabitants. Naturally, having heard about the Ritters, we were curious to learn more of them. "Doctor"Ritter is a German of about fifty years, who has lived on the island for four years. He cultivates an excellent garden, but supplements this by soliciting gifts from passing ships and by writing frequent letters to the mainland. His wife is an unusual lady of about forty years, who is very jealous of the new arrivals. She has a small spring over which she keeps an iron cover. When little birds come to drink, she pulls the string and the cover kills them; then she feeds them to her cat. Yet she was furious with the Baroness for making her donkey carry a light load up the hill. Dr. Ritter brought out some white sugar the first day the new arrivals came; this annoyed her so much that she made him get out the old, brown sugar instead. She let the Baroness and two sailors sleep on the porch without covers on a very cold night; yet, even then, refused to let them kindle a fire. She was writing, she said, so did not want to be disturbed. Yet when the captain's teeth chattered so loudly, she realized he too was cold, and wanted to make him some hot tea -- he was so handsome a lad. Other tales of her penury are similar. The Doctor feeds large pieces of his sugarcane to the donkeys, or even to the Baroness' donkeys, but will only give her a short stem for planting; if he thinks she wants more, he just cuts that one piece into ten. Much of his advice to her has turned out to be incorrect. It seems that he is fully aware of his easy living off passing boats, and does not want the Baroness to get in on it, even though she has been kind enough to divide her seed into three lots: one for the Widemann's, another for the Ritters, and the third for herself. The Widemanns who live nearby came out a few months before the Baroness; they are most kind and neighborly people.

The present house is about fifteen by twenty with a roof of iron. Considering the fact that this little party consisting of the Baroness, Philippson, and Lorenz have only lived on the island four months, they have achieved tremendous progress, clearing their land of the numerous lava



The Donkeys were tired out



Small Galapagos Turtles

rocks, planting their gardens, building the house, and fencing in the products of their labors. Beyond this, the most tedious of all the work was the effort of lugging the tons of material which they had brought with them up the trail to their new home. It will take them many months more before all these supplies can be so moved. In this work they are aided by two burros, but at present these poor animals are tired out and resting; Philippson is still carrying a small load every day. The party succeeded in catching two wild calves and a cow. The calves died, and the cow was released, because it had no milk and could not get enough food to survive if tied up. They are now trying to catch a wild young donkey in the hope of taming it sufficiently to help them carry supplies. A young bull is also desired, as when tamed he would be very useful - hauling rocks, ploughing, and aiding in any heavy work. They very wisely brought an immense amount of supplies of every nature, but these stores are slowly disappearing. At the same time, their gardens are rapidly reaching fair proportions, so that from all appearances, they will have no difficulty in making their way, but it will be hard work.

The little house is surrounded by animals of every description. A cat, which is roaming about lazily, they tell us has proved a champion against rats and mice which would otherwise have caused much trouble; hens and young chicks, ducks, turkeys, a small dog, and many pigeons complete their livestock, together with a turtle which was found on the trail.

They all radiate enthusiasm and energy - even Lorenz, who is suffering from tuberculosis, and at best can only do light work around the house and garden,seems to have caught the prevalent contagion of optimism.

The Baroness is very much the boss; she seems extremely intelligent and agreeable, and as happy and cheerful as can be. Her entire time is spent either in the garden or in looking after the domestic affairs. She boasts a complete library of pertinent literature, which she studies at odd moments. She never suspends her activities from sunrise to sunset. It would be interesting indeed to stop by in a year or two to witness the developments



Philippson on board



Post Office Bay

of this site. If their progress is continued at the present pace, the plantation will be almost unrecognizable. The entire situation has interested us all tremendously. I suppose none of us will ever return, but if we ever should the Baroness' party will surely receive a visit together with such presents from the ship's larder and storeroom as can be of most use to them.

As we walked back with Philippson, who spent the night on board, he called our attention to many small birds of brilliant plumage. We heard the bray of wild donkeys, saw the wild cattle on the hills, but never a sign of the many pigs, which only roam at night. The water supply on the island is limited, there being only three springs whose existence is now known. Of these, the one at Ritter's house, which I imagine is the best of them, is jealously guarded - even the neighbors have been prohibited its use. Such fanatical jealousy creates a situation almost beyond comprehension, but then curious trend of thought is certain to develop in individuals who have chosen so isolated an existence. However, despite the queer human frailties so much in evidence among the odd assortment of people that comprised this strange colony, we wish them all the best of luck.

The well-known Post Office was found to contain divers letters. These we abstracted to take to the "Dolphin" and mail on her return to the mainland. We posted three of our own letters in the box, together with twenty cents, to satisfy certain curiosities we felt as to how long such mail will take to reach our homes, as well as in what country it will be mailed. The island of Charles is a lonely spot but is visited perhaps once a month from December to June; in the other six months visitors are scarce unless the fishing is found to be exceptionally good. Then the tuna boats might stop frequently, but at present they are fishing the northern side of the archipelago almost entirely. The visitors, outside of an occasional fisherman, are generally yachts or scientific expeditions, most of which in all probability would not stop at Charles unless they were to learn of its inhabitants. However, inasmuch as Ritter has gained considerable publicity, most of the boats put in that pass near. If the Baroness stays on, they will all stop. Indeed I am sure it will

not be long before her fame would spread abroad, which will bring her a visit from every ship that sails to Galápagos.

Philippson accompanied us to a salt pond to the west of Cormorant Point, where he had dug large square holes in the mud, hoping thus to evaporate salt. A flock of pink flamingos inhabit this pond, which are lovely birds to watch as they wade in the shallow water, reaching down with their long necks. The big flock of over thirty seemed shy, but two single ones I succeeded in approaching closely, after stalking them around the edge of the water, in order to get near enough for a movie.

Albemarle, the largest of the islands, is seventy-two miles long, with a small settlement on the southern shore at Villamil. Tagus Cove, in the passage between this huge island and Narborough was our destination. We worked our way in between heavy showers and finally dropped our anchor close to the head of the cove in seven fathoms of water. The harbor is smooth and quiet with no swells rolling in, so frequent in the other places the "Dolphin" had moored. On all sides the cliffs rose sharply to a height of several hundred feet, imparting a snug and peaceful atmosphere to the bay in which we lay at anchor.

The two books which we have used as guides around these islands are titled "To the South Seas" by Governor Pinchot, and "Galápagos World's End" by Dr. Beebe; and it is difficult to pass by the description of Tagus Cove without reproducing the short accounts these two gentlemen give of their ascents up the steep slopes which rise from the water's edge:

Dr. Beebe writes:

"Then began a ghastly climb, up and down, up and down, over the slopes just under the sliding points of loose clinkers. The surface was composed of flat slabs of lava, like manhole covers, balanced and resting on a thick layer of volcanic dust. We never dared climb in line, for, time after time, a careless step would upend one of those rocks, and it would go careening down hill like a runaway cartwheel, starting subavalanches at every

touch..... At such a moment, I would sink flat and spreadeagle as much as possible, chewing and eating dust which had taken part in the birth of Albemarle. Slowly I would move down hill, with a movement as sickening as that of a circular earthquake. Rock after rock would hurtle to the bottom and splash into the black, sharkful waters..... Within a few seconds' time I mused, apparently for hours, on the insanity which impelled me to tempt fate thus - when a fraction of a degree's greater pull of gravity would precipitate myself, camera, gun, clinkers, and dust into the depths of Tagus. Then my foot would catch in the precarious roots of some small plant, which in my present plight seemed as a mighty oak. I even welcomed the painful assistance of a cactus - anything - rather than that utter feeling of helplessness, when the whole earth seemed sliding down with you. The moment I achieved some kind of a grip, my mind went ahead to the boobies - and possibly cormorants - awaiting me and I would slowly and painfully rise, and from a serpent's progression, attain that of a quadruped, and on hands and knees creep to the nearest point, for another attack upon the slope above."

Governor Pinchot writes:

"The Chief who has flat feet walked easily up the slope, as I did, while the Secretary of the expedition travelled the same route with his one leg and crutches and never turned a hair. Many another voyager must have done the same, for we found the names of, at least a dozen ships scratched into the soft rock..... The hair-raising periculosity of our adventures at this place never burst upon our minds until we heard what happened to Dr. Beebe - then we realized and trembled."

The ascent at the end of the harbor is obviously simple for, as far as we could see, it presented no slope as ghastly as Dr. Beebe describes, but if he studied the harbor surroundings, he undoubtedly could find some difficult places to climb. Two of our sailors climbed to the top of the south slope in half an hour, while all of us sauntered up the beaten path and found the walking very pleasant and refreshing, but far from exciting. Perhaps Dr. Beebe tried to keep Tagus out of the beaten path of visiting boats, but, if



The names of visiting vessels at Tagus Cove



The Flightless Cormorant and Sea Iguanas

so, he has miserably failed, as it is one of the most frequented harbors in the islands, even though there are no inhabitants. Probably he was under the influence of acute egoism, which would tend to account for his slight exaggeration.

Freddie brought with him a small casting rod that he invariably "broke out" as soon as we came to anchor, but to date had caught nothing on it. Tagus turned out to be different, as on the first catch a pelican grabbed his artificial minnow. He was caught so fast that it was some time before we could extract the two triple hooks that held him.

At the end and north side of the cove, we discovered the names of various ships painted on the rocks, many having letters two to four feet high, which stood out plainly visible along the shore. It seemed a sacrilege to deface the banks of this cozy bay, so as to give it the appearance of a Broadway with all its signs. However, there were so many names, our crew fell to inscribing an enormous "Blue Dolphin" with the date "February 22, 1933" underneath. Thus we became as guilty as the rest, but at least cannot be accused of starting the custom. Walking up the path, one sees other names carved in the rocks. It almost seems that every visitor had left his calling card somewhere for others to gaze at. A small salt lake nearly round in shape can be clearly seen from the top of this ridge, obviously in an old crater, as on all sides the circular slope continues up hundreds of feet.

Tagus Cove is the home of two of the rare birds of the world - the Galápagos penguin, and the flightless cormorant - many of which we saw and captured. We brought a cormorant on deck but he acted so hostile and wild that he was allowed his freedom. The penguins did not get off so luckily, as we kept one for a pet; and a cuter, more entertaining pet never graced the deck of any vessel. A cage was built and everything done for his comfort, but he would not eat unless food was placed in his throat, so we kept feeding him until we ran out of fresh fish on the way home, when the sardine can and condensed milk became his tonic. He lived until the shores of Cuba were in sight. We were all crazy about him. He is gone but not forgotten.



Galapagos Penguin at ease



Flightless Cormorant on board

The log of the morning of February 21 reads:

"The sea lizards were thick - hundreds of them climbing around the rocks, and swimming in the water. There were also many flightless cormorants, some sitting on the lava just above the water's edge, others swimming close to shore. There were a few penguins - as tame as could be - and we took a lot of pictures. I had my hand on one of the penguins just as he jumped into the water, but could not hang on to him. They are cute birds, their little wings hanging down by their sides, apparently useless, but as soon as they dive in the water it does not take long to see their usefulness, as they swim quickly, flapping them rapidly.

"The cormorant, on the other hand, does not use its wings swimming, so they are, therefore, completely useless. The wings of the penguin have receded much more than those of the cormorant, and look as much like flippers as wings, while those of the latter brid are truly small wings, not big and strong enough to give them flight, but handy when they jump off a rock into the water.

There was a variety of other birds - many of them our old friends - also two kinds of heron, several shore birds, terns, gulls and a martin, while brilliantly colored fish marked with dashes of bright blue, scarlet, and yellow were swimming below the surface of the water. It was calm and lovely, what with the steep mountains rising straight out of the ocean - even a few feet from shore the water was deep enough to float a battleship.

Groupers, Spanish mackerel and tuna are abundant along the shores of Tagus Bay. Freddie spent a lot of time with his fly rod, catching many and losing others on a tarpon fly. We also fished with our regular tackle, landing all the fish we needed and more. The Spanish mackerel are the best eating, but even they are not as savory as the cold-water fish from these ports. Nearly all tropical fish are disappointing in flavor.

The "Sierra" from Alaska, steamed into the harbor during our stay. She is a big, commercial vessel carrying several small boats with which to troll for tuna. Her trip is merely experimental, as the owners are un-



The "Sierra" from Nome



"Blue Dolphin" in Tagus Cove

accustomed to tuna fishing - only anxious on account of the times to extend their activities. I doubt if she can pay her way without live-bait boats to which she could act as a mother ship. Her capacity is enormous and the freezing plant originally equipped for reindeer meat is perfect for fish. She is, however, big and expensive to run. An extract from the log reads:

"We visited the "Sierra" from Nome, Alaska this morning. She is an old converted lumberman with two big Diesels and a freezing plant. Her quick-freeze room is twenty-six below zero, but it does not feel that cold inside; they tell us, however, that if you stay long, the bite catches you. They use this room to freeze the fish solid, after which they are transferred to the refrigerated room which is kept at a temperature of fifteen above zero. She does a large business carrying reindeer meat from the arctic; at other times of year being equipped to stow seven thousand of these animals on the voyage south. She has let us have two hundred gallons of oil besides reindeer meat, and yeast, so we are well fixed.

"The Captain told us of the reindeer drive that started three years ago from their fields in the western part of Alaska to the head of the MacKenzie River. Fourteen men started to drive 3,700 reindeer across Alaska and Canada for the Canadian Government, so as to supply food for the natives at the head of the MacKenzie River. The seven hundred were for feeding purposes. The reindeer now number close to eight thousand. They are almost at the end of their journey. In fact, they should cross the MacKenzie on the ice this winter. There has been no contact by these men with the outside world. Their progress is occasionally reported by planes. The march has crossed three mountain ranges and gone over a thousand miles. The distance by plane is about seven hundred miles.

"The French Government has offered this company $100,000 to take one hundred reindeer to a small island that has good moss for feed located between Australia and The Horn. However, as only thirty-five of three hundred and fifty lived on a short transport from their upper station to Nunivac Island, where they are trying to cross them with caribou, the Lomen Company want



Fresh Lava at Narborough



Cactus will grow anywhere

a contract for $1,000 per head rather than a total for a full one hundred."

Continuing the log for February 23:

"Clear and blowing fairly hard from the S. W., making the water outside choppy, although it stayed fairly calm in the harbor. Freddie and I went over to see Narborough but did not expect to do much walking after reading the description of the jagged, fresh lava over which it was nearly impossible to travel. We landed on a perfectly barren shore, with the freshest kind of lava. It looked like freshly-made molasses candy that had hardened before it had settled, and there were deep cracks where it had split while cooling. It presented a desolate sight and it would seem that this island could not support any form of life. Looking down the shore, we perceived spots where green shrubs sprang up on the coast; even among the lava an occasional cactus managed to stick its way through. I cannot understand how such shrubs grew without the slightest sign of any form of soil on which to feed. What this island is like further inland, it was hard for us to tell, as the field of lava on which we landed ran back a mile or more. We did not cross it, although we could have done so without any particular difficulty, but it would have been hard on the soles of our shoes. There was not a place on which to stand that did not have a curly, rough, brittle surface that would tear the soles off any pair of shoes.

"There were numerous lizards of the marine variety but other than these we encountered nothing else in the way of animals the first half hour we skirted the shore. When we climbed the small ridges to get a better view of the surrounding country, other forms of life came into view. A yellow warbler appeared, large shore birds, three oyster catchers, a penguin, several cormorants, and a heron, just as an enormous killer whale showed his entire dorsal fin above the water off the point where we were standing. He looked gigantic, and Freddie estimated his fin to be fully ten feet high. Seals also were playing in a small cove. After walking around for a couple of hours, we returned to the launch and started back ready for another good drenching.



Albie



He was a great companion

"On the way across we caught two tuna that ran close to twenty pounds and had them both on at the same time, but fortunately no difficulty arose; we needed to pass the rods around only once. I did not try to take any line away from my fish, but let him struggle with a very light break, fully a hundred yards from the launch, while Freddie was bringing in his, which was sounding as the line shortened. Our two fish were therefore so well separated that the lines were in little danger of getting snarled.

"In the afternoon I took Freddie out to fish with his fly rod again, but the results this time were not as good; he had about eight good strikes but could not land a fish, although some got on for several minutes. There were several schools of mackerel playing around the harbor, which struck twice. Small mantas were also breaking water at intervals, and as the wind went down, the harbor became as peaceful as a mill-pond. Sighting a poor little penguin on the rocks, we caught him and named him "Albie" after the island - not the famous son of Eli. The rest of the afternoon was devoted to preparing him a good home. We went ashore and cut a lot of small, straight poles, then built up the fish box until he was snug in his new quarters, but as yet "Albie" has refused all the refreshments that we have been able to offer, including nice, small, lively fish. He merely poked them with his bill and then showed no further interest.

"In the evening, we put our nets over as usual and caught some new small fish. They are amusing to watch in the bathtub. Some jump out of the water; others can fly a short distance, and then fetch up at the end of the tub, much to their displeasure. Some are like worms that dart around at terrific speed, of course there are all colors represented - spotted and striped. In short, there are the fat and lean, the long and short, all in dazzling attire.

"Our anchor dragged again today, although there was very little wind. The end of the harbor must be floored by a flat lava slope, which is a poor holding ground, but the rest is good, according to the sailing direc-



Sea Iguanas



They were pretty thick in places

tions. I guess we caused ourselves more trouble trying to anchor in shallow water than if we had dropped the hook in the middle of the bay.

"A Portuguese was brought on board by the captain of the "Sierra" as he had been complaining of pains in his groin. He had undergone an operation for hernia four months ago, so there was nothing much the Doc could do for him except give him a little sound advice. There was nothing wrong that would give him immediate trouble.

"The owls and oyster catchers are covered with fleas, particularly the latter. While the Doc skins them, the fleas seem to realize that their home is in jeopardy and make serious attempts to transfer their abodes to the Doc. It was only with considerable persuasion and the use of force that he was able to keep them from succeeding.

"The generator has been giving trouble again. Only hard work on the chief's part has kept it running, so I guess he is pretty sick of it by now.

"The penguin still refuses to eat and spends the greater part of his time trying to escape. I hope he will get a little tamer and enjoy his new surroundings, or I shall regret having brought him along. His expression is about as cunning as it can be and he looks as if he would tame easily. We put some rocks in his box so that he could stand on them from which to look around. He loves a bucket of water poured over his head.

"During our stay we motored two miles down the southern shore of Albemarle and landed near a white, sandy beach, where several large turtles were sunning themselves peacefully until we approached. Sea lions and iguanas were also pentiful - many of the iguanas nestling in holes they had dug in the sand, others perching themselves on the rocks, watching our movements curiously, but they did not appear in the least timid. Climbing up the hill behind the beach we enjoyed a splendid view of a large salt lake with high hills on one side and acres of freshly hardened lava on the other running down to the shore. The lava here looks as fresh as that at Narborough - not a plant, with the possible exception of a solitary cactus could be seen on the terrain.



A Young Sea Lion



A Sea Turtle

I came upon a baby sea lion about two and one half feet long among the rocks, but could not get much enjoyment out of him as he appeared ugly when handled. His teeth were long and sharp. I did not bother him further.

"February 25 - early in the morning we made ready for our voyage homeward, heading out around the rocky point shortly after sunrise. In the afternoon, a fishing vessel in the distance was heading directly at us. The captain, thinking that she wanted to speak to us, slowed down. Sure enough, we were hailed. They reported a sick man, requesting a doctor if we had one on board. We had one who was not very lively at the moment, as the sea was running too high for his liking, for he lay on deck in his usual position, thinking of the day he could plant his dogs on the shores of Panama. But, he snapped to, at the summons, collected his medical bag, and then was rowed over to the fisherman. The sick sailor was suffering from a rupture which was put in place by the Doc's skillful hands, as he braced himself against the bunk, bravely attending to his trade. Coming back, the seas ran high but we pulled away as the dory came on our leeward side. The Doc jumped aboard and it was not long before he placed himself carefully back on the deck house - his favorite spot."

The winds were light on our trip back; much of it was under power, until we reached the Bay of Panama, and from then on we had strong head winds beating up the bay.

We avoided Rivadeneyra Shoal by a wide margin, even though it probably does not exist. United States and British naval vessels have failed to locate this shoal, so, obviously, it is not in its recorded position. If anyone has confidence in its existence, it is well to give it a wide berth. Near the reef there is a rock charted well out of water with a notation "position doubtful" which shows how irregular the charting has been in this part of the Pacific.

We encountered strong currents, being set twenty to thirty miles south and west each day as we approached land. After making a landfall, the current ran even stronger. The long tacks we took off the beach



Posing



Prescription — a bottle of beer

would net us only a few miles up the coast. Finally in desperation we tacked inshore, passing inside of North Frail, and then headed clean across the bay to the Perlas Island, where we did not encounter such opposition. If we had made our landfall on the south side of the bay, the passage to Panama would have been made in less time, as the current here is more favorable.

At noon March 5 the "Dolphin" came to rest off the Canal and the trip ended for all of us; it was time to get back to business.

The cruise was really ideal in every way. We were disappointed in missing the sailfish and the albatross, and the winds were too light for good sailing, but I think if we made the trip in April we should not have met with any one of these disappointments. After all, they affected our enjoyment but little. We encountered no sickness or accident of any kind, while the weather was perfect throughout.

Before closing, I must give you a short description of the "Dolphin's" passage home. It turned out a hard one, but I wish we had remained aboard to share in its pleasures and uncertainties. With head winds and gales to slow her passage, it took twenty-one days from Colon to Gloucester, including a stop for twenty-four hours in Guantanamo.

The Captain kept the log, which reads as follows:

"Leaving Cocosolo March 11 heavy trades were encountered in the Caribbean almost directly ahead. The engine was run the greater part of the time and, after a long beat to windward with head seas, we put into Guantanamo on March 16 for oil and a few necessary supplies. The engine had given considerable trouble; the generator was out of commission from the start due to a short circuit in the armature, but kerosene lamps gave plenty of light. All that was missed was the ice-box. It is hard to keep ice for more than a few days in that climate.

"The following day we pulled out of Guantanamo for home. For the next week the weather was variable with intermittent squalls and calm weather.

"The engine gave us more and more trouble; one piston



A daily occupation



No worries in the Galapagos

was broken, and a bearing on the crankshaft gave way when the oil-line became clogged. It took three days to change the piston to the same cylinder that had had the bad bearing. Finally the engine was operated on three cylinders running spasmodically with considerable vibration but it was not started unless the wind was almost flat. The mainsail was taken in several times due to the occasional heavy winds but not for long as that weather did not last. With four hundred miles to go to Block Island, the nature of this trip took on a different aspect and instead of making a landfall in two days as we had hoped, we were eight days battling heavy gales with terrific seas.

"On the twenty-fourth of March, four hundred miles from the island, a gale from the N. N. W. struck in, accompanied by heavy rain and hail. We hove to under the foresail. The next day the sea continued still heavy but we pushed ahead under the jumbo, foresail and trisail with a strong breeze from the W. N. W. The barometer was dropping and the foresail reefed to be ready for what might come. The foresail was a little too much on the last gale and we felt she would ride better with a reef if another storm was to break.

"March 26 at six A. M. we hove to again as a heavy squall from the north hit us. At eight-twenty the wind let up and for two hours we went our way but were forced to lay to again before noon. It was blowing hard at noon - forty to fifty miles an hour - but she lay comfortably with the reefed foresail. At midnight the wind became terrific and the seas mounted to gigantic size; it blew a living gale. I have been at sea forty years but it is many years since I have seen anything to equal that gale; but in the Gulf Stream the sea is warm; quite different from the Grand Banks in winter when your vessel is iced-up. The "Dolphin" behaved beautifully; she rose like a charm to the towering seas. With the exception of the continual driving spray that swept along the ocean's surface and across the vessel from stern to stern, no green water came aboard. A fisherman would have taken to the pumps but we did not leak a drop. It was a pleasure to see her action, but a relief to get

a let-up in the wind. Her foresail might have gone any minute; she did well to hold any canvas during that storm.

"In the early morning of the 28th, the wind moderated. We made some distance on our course until now, the next day, when we were beset by another gale which necessitated heaving to another thirty hours. It blew hard; we were lucky to have this vessel under us.

"On April 1, we sighted the buoy off Block Island in nasty weather; it looked as though more trouble might be ahead but it never came, and after hobbling through the canal on three heavily laboring cylinders we anchored in Gloucester at midnight April 1.

"It was a hard passage; we were fortunate in coming through so well - with no damage and no ~~engine~~ injuries."



Homeward bound

Phillips Library
A visit to the Cocos and Galapagos Islan
GV822.B5 C6 1933
3 6234 01007640 7